

THE HAWAIIAN GAZETTE

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The Night After Christmas.

The following was written, partly at Christmas time's
brightest Christmas.

"Then the night before Christmas, when all through the
house,

Sleight was silent, save as a tremor;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care;

No one could have slept so soundly there.

The stocking had been dried up in their beds,
While every little crumb had been placed in their bowls.

It was raining hard in my new native home,

When Santa was riding his fine team.

There was no fire in the house when I awoke,

For I had been sleeping in a log cabin.

I sprang from my bed, saying "What is the matter?"

From the floor, and still lay in a snow.

Then arose the excitement, and there off the cabin.

With the light of the moon before me,

With the prospect of those objects before me;

He who is the author of this scene?

How dark and dreary the scene!

How cold and dreary the scene!

How dark and dreary the scene!